

The Times-Dispatch

Published every day in the year by
The Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc.
THE TIMES, Founded 1858
THE DISPATCH, Founded 1888
Address all communications
THE TIMES-DISPATCH,
Telephone, Randolph 1.
Publication Office, 200 Fifth Street
South Richmond, Va.
Philadelphia, 1020 Fifth Street
Petersburg, 100 N. Synanor Street
Lynchburg, 218 Eighth Street

HASBROOK, STORY & BROOKS, INC.,
Special Advertising Representatives.
New York
Philadelphia
Chicago
Subscription Rates:
One Year, \$10.00
Six Months, \$5.00
Three Months, \$2.50
Daily only, 4.00
Sunday only, 2.00

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in
Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg:
Daily with Sunday, one week, 15 cents
Daily without Sunday, one week, 10 cents
Sunday only, 5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as
second-class matter under act of Congress of
March 3, 1879.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1914.

Keep in touch with home news during
vacation by reading The Times-Dispatch

Placing Providence

NAPOLEON once rather flippantly remarked that the Lord is on the side of the heaviest artillery, and no man of Napoleon's disposition could dispute the dictum. The modern autocrats go him one better, and, according to their claims, the Almighty is on everybody's side. The Kaiser has just proclaimed that his soldiers have killed more fellow beings than have the soldiers of other countries, because the Lord so willed it. Each of the others meet this with the solemn statement that God Almighty has helped them murder more men than the other. All of them might imitate a better, if not so great a man, as Napoleon, who remarked that he was more concerned about getting on the Lord's side than about getting the Lord on his side.

A Name for the War

It is a matter of convenience rather than importance to decide upon the name by which the present war is to be known, and the convenience rather affects the historian than those of us that are using words to-day. So far as to-day is concerned, "the war" is exact enough, as nobody except the adherents of Villa and Carranza would understand by those two words the obsolescent Mexican ructions.

The historian will probably decide for himself what the war is to be called. He may designate it by its greatest result, as, for instance, the democratization of Germany and Austria, in which case it might possibly be called the Autocrats' Death War, which has quite an agreeable sound to American ears. For years to come it is likely to be the Great War, and that title might be fixed on it permanently. Recourse has occasionally been had to a chronological title, when a war has been either remarkably long or short, as the Thirty Years' War, the Seven Years' War and others to be found in the history books.

If Nicholas were fighting with William and Francis Joseph, instead of against them, obviously this would be the Emperor's War, in name as it is in fact.

While we are waiting for a name for the war, Sherman's description suffices.

Towler

THE physician who has the care of the health of the citizens of New York City intimates the desire to exclude from that municipality's confines our only friend among the brutes, the dog. He has brains enough to know that he will not get such a law as he might desire, so he will content himself with a rigorous destruction of masterless canines.

It is true enough that dogs are not happy cooped up in an apartment or small house. Domesticated though they be, they are of their ancestry creatures of the open. Their investigating privities lead them into all sorts of perambulations, and then they come among us "fantastically carved radishes" and fill us with dire and deadly diseases, so the men of science tell us, and these gentlemen can usually prove what they say; at least, they can convince those who are not scientific, but have open minds. So many of these good new times are open to conviction that the dog has lost many of his friends; he is looked on as a menace, even by those who loved him in an earlier nonscientific and ungermed day.

Doubtless the dog must go from cities, and possibly also from the country, for, except in far northern latitudes, he serves no purpose that can be recorded by the efficiency engineer, who is now our king.

Still, even those of us that are not sentimental—or do not admit ourselves to be—may be permitted to believe that there is a spiritual value in retaining as a companion to man the only animal known who exhibits an affection that is unselfish.

Patriotism in Russia

THE world at large is hearing with something like incredulous amazement the reports of outbursts of enthusiasm by the people of Russia for their Czar and their fatherland. Censorship of the news is such a very fine art in Russia that a skeptical world has at last some justification for believing that such reports are either manufactured or colored by officialdom.

But they may not be. The war fever is as unreasonable a thing as any other manifestation of the mob spirit. A shouting, cheering crowd can be organized in any big city for any cause in a very short space of time, if the police do not interfere, and we may well imagine that the Czar's dainty peace preservers had instructions to handle these patriotic parades after a rather different fashion than they would control, let us say, a parade organized by those desiring the freedom of the press.

Of more importance than the patriotic street parades, however, is the question of the temper of the Russian troops. How will they comport themselves on the battlefield? In the Russo-Japanese War they are credited with fairly good conduct, considering the shocking demoralization that existed in the army administration. There does not appear to be much dash about the average Russian regiment, but it does seem to possess a certain dogged ability to withstand punishment, and this quality might be of decisive im-

portance in a long-drawn-out struggle. Provided always that Russian bureaucracy was able to maintain a large army in the field for many months.

The U. S. A.

THERE are no wildly cheering mobs in the streets of the national capital. Pennsylvania Avenue resounds to no tramping of armed men. No military bands blare forth the "Star Spangled Banner," and no raucous-throated patriots murder the tunes and twist the words of the national anthem. Citizens are not springing from their desks to answer the call to fight and die for the fatherland. To all appearances, the people of the United States are satisfied to continue selfishly engaged in their own selfish occupations, with no thought of Old Glory.

Yet it is safe to say that the people of the United States think as much of their country as the peoples of Europe think of theirs. Very likely they are much more thankful to the Providence that gave them birth in the U. S. A. than are the Germans and French and Russians that they are Germans and French and Russians. The mob which destroyed the German embassy in St. Petersburg and that other mob in Berlin which gave way to a paroxysm of rage against the Russian ambassador believed, probably, that they were exhibiting the highest patriotism, and yet the quiet, peaceful American in his office or on the streets to-day, engaged in his occupation of clothing self and family and building up his community, is as patriotic as the leader of those mobs, and has more just cause for pride in his country.

The war spirit is not always patriotism, and those most prone to give way to it are not always the greatest patriots. The nation at war is not the greatest nation, even though successful, and defiance of the world is not as great proof of greatness as desire and ability to keep peace with the world. The United States is our fatherland, and, if there were ever a time when we were fatuously inclined to place the diplomacy, the statesmanship and the patriotism of the peoples and rulers of other countries above our own, that time has passed. We have been to that our statesmanship was inferior to that of Europe, and yet our government is a model and our prosperity a source of envy. We have been told that the diplomacy of Europe was the ideal, and ours a laughing-stock, and yet that of Europe has plunged a continent into war, while we are at peace, and, if by any remote chance we should be drawn into the conflict, it will be as a direct result of European trickiness and chicanery and short-sightedness. We are happy and peaceful and prosperous, while Europe faces death and misery and bankruptcy. We have internal troubles and problems, but the master minds of the country are engaged in the settlement of them, while the chancelleries of Europe are working day and night piling up new troubles and problems.

It all makes us love better the United States of America. It is not so much that our condition is better as that it is by our own efforts that it has been made better. It is not so much that we are at peace as that our own statesmanship and patience and magnanimous dealings with weaker nations have brought us peace. We love our country because its superior prosperity and its peaceful state are due to ourselves and to leaders whom we ourselves have chosen. That is our pride; that is the basis of our patriotism.

The Panama Fair

THE run of ill luck which has more or less afflicted the great Panama-Pacific Exposition, which is scheduled to be held in San Francisco next year, shows little diminution. The contest between cities for the honor of holding the fair was uncommon in its bitterness, and has left scars that from time to time betray evidences that they still smart. Recently there was a virtual declaration of a boycott against the exposition by important bodies of Roman Catholics in this country, as a protest against the appointment by Italy of Signor Ernesto Nathan as commissioner to the exposition from that country.

Now comes the possibility of war in Europe. If that curse visits the world, the Frisco exposition will descend from the international plane to an event of but continental importance.

The men in charge of the affair will always have the satisfaction of knowing that they carried out their part of a great undertaking in a splendidly efficient fashion. The scope of their plans is magnificent, and they have already accomplished enough to assure the success of the undertaking, if a debacle does not intervene.

While the marring or ruin of even a world's exposition is a small matter, as compared with a war between the great powers of Europe, still the wrecking of the San Francisco exposition would be a calamity. The country-hopes that the calamity may be averted.

Chesterfield's Automobile

HOW much of real regard for the public schools and how much of prejudice against automobiles are involved in the protest against the purchase by the Chesterfield County School Board of an automobile for the county superintendent of schools? How much of it is economy and how much parsimony?

That the school board should not purchase an automobile if there are more important things for which the money should be spent goes without saying, but it should not be forgotten that it is highly important that the superintendent should keep in close touch with the schools of the county, and there is no better way by which it can be done than by automobile. The purchase may not have been wise, under existing circumstances, but it is an error to call it an extravagance. There are many worse ways in which money could be spent.

With Japan fighting for Russia, England fighting for France, and Belgium for once really interested in the fighting taking place on her own territory, this war is one of the greatest incongruities.

From our declaration of Independence Europe might take and act upon that line which speaks of "a decent respect for the opinion of mankind."

One consolation to those of us who never knew anything about the geography of Europe is that we have nothing to unlearn now.

King Albert was once a newspaper reporter. In the light of events, he may be forgiven for quitting.

There are 5,500,000 mules in this country, not including Senator Bristow.

Russia has censured the last two words of Tolstoy's "War and Peace."

WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

"Do we want a king?" queried the Columbia State, to which the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot remarked: "Personally, we have no use for one at any time." The editor of the Lynchburg Advance probably knows what that means.

Says the Clifton Forge Review: "The Newport News Press has reminded the Richmond Times-Dispatch that it is not the only newspaper that can have word-for-word editorials appear on the same day as printed in other journals far away. In doing this the Press produces two paragraphs, one of its own and the other from a Washington newspaper, just to show how great minds run in the same channel." From a Washington newspaper? That's no boast; that's a confession.

Sister Bertha thusly gets the "darling old boy" of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot into trouble. "Our brother of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says that he does not remember the girls of fifty years ago, but the girls of today suit him all right. We are just bound to differ with him when he makes such an assertion as that, for he well knows that if he liked them one would have to be the queen of his home." Oh, he liked the girls of fifty years ago and the girls of to-day well enough, but it takes two to make a contract. The liking must be mutual.

"The Whyness of the Thyness" is the title of an editorial in this morning's Greensboro Daily News. "We don't think so," says the Chase City Process. "The question is not to argue. It is entirely too big and too important to be disposed of so cavalierly. To the Blackstone Courier: One of them cut out the canned editorials this week."

"Why is it that when a young woman is almost run down by a motorcycle she giggles, and a man in the same circumstances swears?" asks the Houston Record-Advertiser. If there are any motorcycles in Houston the editor of the Record-Advertiser should know why a man swears under the circumstances noted, but why a woman should giggle is beyond us. Does she really do it?

With great reluctance we approach the task, but since the Halifax Gazette undertook to censor our English once upon a time, and in its latest issue volunteers the same service to the Alexandria Gazette, whom it accuses of the use of involved construction, we must call attention to this. "Because of war news one reads in The Times-Dispatch that Richmond experienced last week an unquiet Sunday." Did one read that because of war news or did Richmond experience an unquiet Sunday because of war news? The masterpiece of wit with which the Gazette ends its observation, and which for fear of copyright we will not reproduce, does not excuse the convoluted style.

"Funerals are one of the principal products of war," says the Petersburg Index-Appeal. Widows and orphans are by-products.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot remarks that the Irish are disposed to fight each other only when there is nobody to fight with. Germans and Austrians, who relied on the Irish trouble, and Great Britain out of the European mix-up, would have avoided complications if they had been aware of this phase of the Irish character.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

The German White Book.
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—What is meant by "The German White Book?"
J. R. L.
Newport News, Va., August 15.

It is an official announcement issued by the German government explaining an official action. The latest "white book" explained the German reasons for entering into war. It is not a book, but a means merely a document.

As to Richmond College.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—Can you inform me what will be the diploma awarded the graduates of the woman's department of Richmond College next year, as related to those young women who have matriculated and taken courses at Richmond College with the expectation of receiving the usual Richmond College diploma when they graduate next session? Will these old students be compelled to take a Westphalian diploma diploma in lieu of a Richmond College diploma, to which they should be entitled?

I am asking this question early enough to enable me and a few others to decide in selecting a college for next session, and this seems not to have been considered in the faculty announcement in their catalogue.

Richmond, August 15.

President Boynton informs us that women students graduating this next session, and situated as indicated in this inquiry, will receive the usual Richmond College diploma—not the diploma of Westphalia College.

French and German Armies.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:
Sir—Although the writer served in our late war till it's close, he has no more knowledge of military matters than a babe; a presumptuous fellow, therefore, to discuss European armies! But he does not propose to discuss them from a military, but from a historical standpoint. History has been said to be the great teacher of philosophy, or wisdom, by example; this being so, and the writer having a fair knowledge of history, he feels that in discussing European armies from this standpoint, he is on firm ground.

Except for victories of the "allies" under Marlborough—when France threatened to dominate Europe—and up to the time of Napoleon, the French were uniformly victorious in their battles with their neighbors, not so much because the French were better soldiers, man for man, but because France was a military, and therefore strong, while her enemies, with the exception of Austria, were generally divided and therefore weak. But, though Austria was united, France always found her "case fruit," to use a popular vulgarism. Austria, crowned France with glory; and, by the way, one of its results was the repudiation of Josephine by Napoleon, and his marriage with the daughter of the Emperor of Austria.

Now, in proportion as France had been rendered supremely confident by her almost uniform victories, Germany had been correspondingly depressed and discouraged by her almost uniform defeats. However, Germany and France stood scowling at each other across the Rhine, and the situation remained thus until France raised her fatal cry, "on to Berlin," and the war of 1870 followed. The result of this campaign was that all the past was reversed; Germany was now supremely confident, while France was supremely depressed. If not covered, the comb of the Gauls' cock had been out, and his proud tail feathers dragged in the mire, and, ever since, France's dearest hope has been that Germany would "overlook" her. Valia hope, for, while France has been coming her sails to placate Germany, the latter has been strengthening and preparing itself for the dreadful conflict that now overshadows the whole world, neutrals and belligerents alike.

Now, armies being inspired by the sentiments of the nations whose drawn, the Germans enter into this war profoundly confident of success, while the French, profoundly depressed or cowed, do not, so to speak, enter into the war at all, but are forced into it. The conflict between armies thus animated, it would seem that there can be but one outcome—German victories, in spite of the mighty forces confronting her, and France no longer one of the great powers of Europe.

Germany and France represent the lamb and wolf in the fable, and Germany is now resolved that the lamb, or France, shall no longer muddle her drinking water.

Thoroughly united and profoundly patriotic, Germany, led by the greatest mind (except that

of Woodrow Wilson) in the world, there are no divided councils, and her blows will be like lightning, while the allies will be more or less dominated by jealousies, suspicions or divided councils; two mules, especially if able, can seldom think, or act, as one. Therefore, the writer repeats, what impartial mind can doubt the outcome? A few weeks or months will tell the story. Sentiment will have no effect. Heaven is always in favor of the heaviest battalions, provided they are ably marshaled.

LEWIS H. BLAIR.

Richmond, August 14.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Avoiding a Peril.
Dobbs—No, sir, I've never yet felt the craving for liquor.
Nobbs—You're a mighty lucky man. How do you account for it?
Dobbs—Why, I always take a drink when I want one.

Eighteen-Carat cynicism.
Simms—You're a poor sort of a club member. I've seldom seen you around at the clubhouse.
Timms—Why, I get around once or twice a week.
Simms—Well, look at me—I'm there every night.
Timms—Yes, but you're married, and I'm single.

A Thing to Fear.
Senator Olie James smiled the other night when the talk in a Washington club turned to partisanship. He said he was reminded of the Green family, who lived in a Western city.

The Greens, according to the Senator, were Republicans of the dyed-in-the-wool order, and to them there was no more beautiful thing on earth than the grand old party.

One evening the Green family was augmented by other Greens. Cousin Bill Green, Uncle Jim Green and more Greens came from an adjacent town for dinner. After dinner they talked politics in the presence of the whole outfit, and, needless to say, there wasn't a dissenting voice.

"Come, Johnny," said Mrs. Green to her little eight-year-old son about 9 o'clock. "It is time for you to go to bed."
"I don't want to go, mamma," responded the youngster, with a terrified look. "What afraid?"
"Afraid?" laughed his mother. "What in the world is there to be afraid of?"
"I'm afraid," was the child's fearful rejoinder, "that there might be a Democrat under the bed!"—Philadelphia Telegram.

WHAT WAS NEWS FIFTY YEARS AGO

From the Richmond Dispatch August 13, 1914.

An official dispatch received at the War Department yesterday states that the enemy did not renew the attack upon our lines on the Charles City Road on Tuesday. After advancing to within two miles of White's Tavern, the Federals were driven back across White Oak Swamp.

In front of Petersburg yesterday there were more artillery duels than for several days past. Some of the shells from the enemy's guns fell in the streets, but very little damage was done.

The Masonic Lodge building at Prince George Court-house and two other buildings in the vicinity were burned down by the Federals, and the timbers and other material are being used to erect a Federal hospital. In the middle of September the malaria in that hospital will be the exception of the movements of the Federal cavalry around Doan and Fairfax, there was quiet in front of Atlanta yesterday, according to the official dispatches.

The twelve stands of colors captured at the Crater battle, General Mahone's Brigade, in command of General B. H. Loring, were brought to Richmond yesterday by Captain B. H. Nash, who was especially detailed for that purpose.

There was no resumption of hostilities by the enemy below Richmond yesterday, the presumption being that they got enough in the fight on Charles City Road on Tuesday.

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon a duel took place on Ball's farm, five miles from Richmond. The participants were John M. Daniel, editor of the Richmond Examiner, and E. C. Elmore, treasurer of the Confederate States. The weapons used were ordinary smooth bore dueling pistols, and the distance ten paces. At the first fire no damage was done, and Mr. Elmore demanded another shot. This time Mr. Daniel was shot in the calf of the leg, and that ended the hostilities. H. Rives Pollock, of the Examiner, acted as second for Mr. Daniel, and Mr. Elmore. The difficulty grew out of the local article in the Examiner on the 1st instant, in which it was said that a heavy defalcation in the Confederate treasury had been hushed up by the means of bribery.

In the engagement on the Charles City Road on Tuesday last the brave and dashing young officer, Brigadier-General Victor J. B. Gerardey, was instantly killed while gallantly leading his command in an attempt to recapture works that had fallen in the hands of the enemy earlier in the day. He was struck in the forehead and died immediately. General Gerardey was from Louisiana, and came to Virginia as a Lieutenant. He later became adjutant-general on General Mahone's staff, and for gallantry and good judgment was promoted to be brigadier-general after the Crater battle on July 30.

Mosby officially reports the affair at Berryville on the 12th, saying he captured 200 prisoners, captured and destroyed 75 wagons loaded with army supplies, brought off cattle, horses and mules and one head of beef cattle.

THE PUBLIC PULSE

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

THE HOME GUARD

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS.



From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.